Why They Cheat—*Hart Stilwell*

THE *Nation*

August 18, 1951

Germany Today: I

Stormtroopers in Mufti

BY MARK GAYN

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Portrait of a Boss

Long Island's J. Russel Sprague

BY JAMES MUNVES

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The Soviet Peace Bid

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

*

Senator Kefauver Writes a Letter

AUG 18 1951

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Texas is a big state; it talks big and it has big men. And in the 105 years of its history as a state Texas has never been bossed by any one man. Today one man threatens to gain control of the entire state. Who is this man who looms so large on the Texas political horizon; who tells labor where to get off; tells the Texas legislature what to do? Judges are kind to him, Senators try to please him, and lots of people are afraid of him. In two fine articles Hart Stilwell, product of the Texas his grandparents helped to settle, free-lance writer and novelist, will give *Nation* readers the first published account of the extraordinary career of "the biggest man in Texas."

Maverick from Maine

Duncan Aikman, a veteran newspaperman and author of that excellent commentary on current American social and political trends "The Turning Stream," has written a highly entertaining article on Senator Margaret Chase Smith. Mr. Aikman gives a detailed account of Senator Smith's performance in Washington and explains the severe limitations which a rather fortuitous Republican affiliation has placed on the career of the most interesting woman who has yet served in the Senate. Those who read and applauded Senator Smith's courageous "Declaration of Conscience" will not want to miss this article.

Journey to Moscow

The world press recently reported that a team of Quakers, those tireless searchers after ways to peace, had made a journey to Moscow. Gerald Bailey, a member of the delegation, will describe the trip for *The Nation.* Mr. Bailey will give a full account of the Quakers' interviews with Deputy Foreign Minister Malik, the editors of the new English-language publication *News,* and the novelist Simonov, now an editor of the influential *Literary Gazette.* The reaction of the Russians to the program which the delegation presented throws considerable light on Soviet peace objectives.

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

DURING THE DEBATE ON THE NEW DEFENSE Production bill, the opponents of price controls consistently stressed the ineffectiveness of direct controls and pointed to vigorous fiscal policies and tight credit restrictions as the best means of coping with inflation. Before the debate was over, however, it became quite clear that the emphasis on fiscal policies and credit restrictions was primarily tactical, as shown by the action of Congress in overriding the Federal Reserve Board in the matter of consumer-credit control. For there can be little doubt that the Federal Reserve Board's regulation of consumer credit was effective. Now that direct controls have been weakened, it will be interesting to see what use is made of fiscal policies and credit restrictions as anti-inflation measures by those who insist that these rather than direct controls are the proper weapons. It will not be at all surprising if the opponents of direct controls now argue that since direct controls have been weakened, it would be extremely foolish to enact vigorous fiscal policies! As the debate indicates, important interest groups clearly favor inflation as a means of forcing unorganized elements in the population to assume as large a portion of the staggering cost of rearmament as they can be made to carry.

*

NO ONE OF COURSE HAS THE REMOTEST IDEA what the ultimate cost of the armament program will be. The proportion of the nation's total output devoted to security purposes was about 6 per cent before Korea, but it will rise to approximately 15 per cent by the end of the year and will approach 20 per cent a year from now. A large portion of the $56,062,405,890 Department of Defense appropriation bill—the largest peacetime military appropriation bill in history—represents costs added by inflation. Not long ago General Marshall estimated that of the $35,000,000,000 voted for armaments last year, 20 per cent, or $7,000,000,000 had been lost through inflation. In the next twelve months living costs are likely to rise from 5 to 8 per cent, according to the Economic Stabilization Agency, and each percentage point will represent an increase in living costs of approximately $2,000,000,000. As the average individual taxpayer is forced to pay more and more for fewer consumer goods, his tax dollar will be buying less and less in the way of airplanes, tanks, and bombs. Under any circumstances the military burden would be enormous, but inflation will shift an ever larger portion of this burden to sections of the population least able to carry any additional burden. Demanding floors but not ceilings for the prices of their products, organized interest groups will continue to pass on added costs to consumers who have ceilings on income but no floors under living standards.

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YET THE APOLOGISTS FOR THE DEFENSE Production bill—characterized by President Truman as "gravely deficient"—continue to argue that direct price controls run counter to the self-regulating efficiency of the free-enterprise system. Thus one reads in a recent issue of the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, ". . . if it is to function properly the price system demands complete freedom. It is automatic and even pregnant with its own correctiveness. If left alone it brings about equilibrium in the price structure. . . . The price fixer, alias 'stabilizer,' prevents the price system from bringing forth its correctives of abnormal conditions by natural processes"! As though the debate on the Defense Production bill failed to reveal that the price mechanism is regulated not by "natural processes" but by monopoly power! Under the new bill there will be no rollback in beef prices, although the price of cattle jumped from $19.70 a hundredweight in January, 1950, to $30.20 in April, 1951—an increase of 52 per cent as compared with an increase in all costs to farmers of only 13 per cent. It has been estimated that the beef rollbacks which Congress rejected might have saved American consumers $700,000,000 a year. The Defense Production bill does not control prices; it guarantees profits —to interest groups with enough economic and political power to impose their will on Congress.

*

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR HAS finally freed itself from a crippling political alliance. Indignant over the attitude of the Farm Bureau and the Grange on price controls, the executive committee of the A. F. of L. in a statement issued on August 8 bitterly attacked both groups and broke off "friendly relations"

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Andrew Roth, Alexander Werth, Howard K. Smith, Carolus

Business Manager: Hugo Van Arx
Advertising Manager: Mary Simon
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with them. The statement also announced the appointment of a committee to report on the condition of farm workers; the extent to which corporate farms, closely allied with business and financial interest, influence the policy of farm organizations; the effect upon the national economy of agricultural programs which establish floors but not ceilings for farm prices; and the real source of the drive in agricultural states for the enactment of anti-labor legislation. The basis for this strange alliance has been an understanding that the farm groups would not oppose labor legislation if farm workers were consistently excluded from the protection of such legislation. At one time there might have been some justification for the view that the Farm Bureau and the Grange represented "dirt farmers"; but the policies of both organizations have increasingly reflected the influence of business interests. It has been repeatedly pointed out, in fact, that the basic conditions for the formation of a real farmer-labor alliance would be the organization of farm workers and small farmers and the severance of "friendly relations" between the A. F. of L. and the Farm Bureau. The present move will not be easily set aside, for the policies of the Farm Bureau, if not of the Grange, are today so firmly "dictated by the big corporate farms closely allied with big business interests" as to make resumption of the alliance extremely difficult.

Proof of the Pudding

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THERE was a popular song we used to know built round the theme: "Are you sincere? If you're sincere, I'll let you call me your dearie." It wound up on a rather defeatist note: "If I give my heart to you, I'll have none and you'll have two," the plain implication being that, sincere or false, the party of the second part —call him Joe—was pretty sure to come out ahead, Whatever it was he wanted, in the end he'd get it.

The plaintive lines keep coming to mind these days: they sum up so accurately the main trouble with American foreign policy. That trouble is that the people who run the United States are more worried about Joseph Stalin's "sincerity" and what he is after than what we want ourselves. They are chiefly afraid they'll be taken for a ride, forgetting that nothing you want—neither peace nor love—can be had if you keep your eye exclusively on the other fellow's intentions. Those are only one factor, to be weighed in with many others, such as working out intentions and programs of your own that will convince your friends, and even your adversaries, that *you* really want peace and the other things you say you want—in addition to an armed alliance.

The Russians may be bad boys to the last commissar,

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insincere and aggressive, and ready to take advantage of a moment's weakness on the part of the West. What should be considered in Washington, however, is whether by saying this and only this, over and over, we have discharged our duty toward peace and Western security. Within the past few weeks, since Malik broadcast his proposal for cease-fire talks in Korea (why, by the way, did that suggestion have to come from Moscow rather than Washington?) a whole series of moves, each minor in itself, has added up to a gesture of conciliation from Moscow. One and all they have been brushed off in Washington, including President Shvernik's proposal to President Truman for a five-power pact. One and all, they have been denounced as fakes, as propaganda designed to lure us into relaxing our rearmament drive, as efforts to divide us from our allies, as a dodge to win time which Moscow can use for building up its supply of atom bombs.

Possibly they are all these at once. Certainly Russia has showed no signs of moderating its criticism of American policy. *Pravda* answered Foreign Secretary Morrison's letter with a bitter blast against the West, and the Soviet press as a whole, in spite of the milder note struck by the Moscow *News*, has not soft-pedaled its attacks. Nor did the display of anti-American fireworks staged by the Communist Youth festival in East Berlin suggest that an era of good feeling had been inaugurated. If United States policy is to be determined solely by weighing Moscow's harsh words against its conciliatory ones we shall doubtless go on saying, as Mr. McDermott said of the Russian proposal for a five-power peace pact, that the whole thing is a "propaganda trap" and nothing more. Or we can call the Moscow peace offensive, as did Assistant Secretary Barrett, "phony as a three-dollar bill." But effective as these replies might be in a mud-slinging contest, they are not effective as statesmanship. They challenge Moscow's good faith but fail to offer positive or concrete proposals of our own. Lacking these, American policy remains suspect.

People in other countries, and many Americans as well, are yet to be convinced that the United States has played an impeccable role in the United Nations and Russia a wholly obstructive one. Our democratic *bona fides* are not taken at face value in Asia or in Europe. Even nations that strongly supported our initiative in Korea have been disturbed by its political by-products. The same may be said of various American acts outside the U. N.—our procedure in drawing up and putting over the Japanese treaty, our insistence on German rearmament, our unilateral embrace of Franco, our crippling restrictions on East-West trade. Little as it may trust the intentions of Russia, foreign opinion is critical of such policies, regarding them as provocative, dangerous, and undemocratic. Western Europeans may fear Russia and agree upon the need of rearmament, but beneath that agreement is an intense anxiety lest rearmament be carried to the point where it will invite Soviet attack rather than discourage it, where economic hardship will create political unrest and the danger of revolution or reactionary dictatorship in the West. All these fears and disagreements combine to create a mood leery of mere polemics.

Whom do we convince, for example, by such a demand as Truman's in his reply to Shvernik, that the Soviet government lift its restrictions against travel in and out of Russia and abolish other obstacles to free intercourse? The immediate impression such a statement makes is one of sheer hypocrisy. Astonished readers all over the world must have wondered just what the American State Department would do if Mr. Shvernik took Mr. Truman at his word and encouraged free travel to the United States. At a time when even non-Communist leftists from Western Europe are being refused visas or held up at Ellis Island under the McCarran act, such talk seems almost irresponsible. The effect of the President's answer, together with various releases from the State and Defense Departments, is to convince the wary outsider that the Administration is primarily worried lest talk of understanding with Russia obstruct the passage of the unprecedented defense and foreign-aid bills still before Congress. This, rather than a sober effort to find a way toward peace, is seen as the inspiration for most of Washington's recent pronouncements.

What our friends and allies—those peoples we like to lump together as the "free world"—want to feel is that because of our strength we are able to take advantage of any crack in the Iron Curtain. Instead of denouncing Moscow's peace offensive as a fraud, we would win far more confidence if we were to meet it by a counter peace offensive equipped with sober, workable proposals for settling specific differences. This would convince unbelievers, on both sides of the great divide, that we are not more afraid of a shift toward peace than of the present steady progress toward war. At the same time it would serve as a test of Moscow's "sincerity." At worst it would force the Kremlin to meet concrete proposals with answers that would reveal its hostile purposes. At best, if the Russians have come to the conclusion that they can profit more from a *modus vivendi* with the West than from continued tension and hostility, this policy would provide the basis for negotiated agreements. As Alexander Werth points out on a later page, some signs point to a genuine shift in Moscow's line, a shift comparable to that which took place in the middle thirties. We need not delude ourselves that such a change, if it is under way, means a retreat from long-range ambitions. All we need do is to accept the situation for what it is and use it for our own legitimate ends.

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The Farm Labor Fiasco

JAMES RESTON of the New York *Times* has suggested that the major characteristic of the Truman Administration is the habit of firing a big gun and then falling back to hastily prepared positions. This habit was never more vividly or embarrassingly exemplified than in the President's strange attitude toward the labor-importation program. It would be difficult to imagine what considerations other than pure political expediency prompted him to sign S. 984, an act relating to the recruitment and employment of agricultural workers.

In October, 1948, thousands of "wetbacks" assembled in Juarez in what appeared to be a spontaneous demonstration for the privilege of entering the United States to pick cotton at substandard wages. Strangely enough, however, the gathering was timed to coincide with the appearance of Mr. Truman in El Paso on the eve of the 1948 election. It has long since ceased to be a secret, if it ever was, that the President then set in motion the chain of directives which authorized inspectors of the Immigration Service to "look the other way" as thousands of carefully recruited wetbacks surged across the border. Conditions deteriorated rapidly throughout the Southwest after the "October incident," and by the spring of 1949 the wetback problem had become acute. So Mr. Truman wheeled up "the big gun," fired a salvo by appointing the Commission on Migratory Labor on June 3, 1950, and thereby quieted public opinion.

The report of the commission, submitted to the President on March 26 of this year, points out how the legal importation of Mexican nationals has served as the mechanism by which the status of wetbacks has been legalized. The Mexican officials who negotiated the 1947 and subsequent agreements took the quite logical position that it would be unfair to recruit workers from the interior of Mexico when thousands of Mexicans were already—if illegally—in the border states. Thus for the period 1947-49, 74,600 Mexican nationals were recruited under contract, and 142,600 wetbacks, who were already here, had their status legalized by being placed under contract. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the legal importation of Mexican nationals has accelerated the wetback traffic. To put it rather crudely, the Mexican contract workers are the Judas goats used to lure wetbacks to the border states. Nor can there be any doubt—as the President's commission pointed out—that changes in farm wage rates in the principal areas of Mexican employment and in the principal crops in which Mexicans are employed have varied in inverse ratio to the numbers of contract Mexicans available.

Mr. Truman delayed until the last minute and is said to have finally signed the bill in response to heavy pressure from Democratic Congressional leaders. Under the new bill farm workers will be assembled in three major "reception" centers in Mexico, and the United States will then pay the cost of transportation to "receiving" centers in the border states at distances of 600 to 900 miles from the assembly points. Farmers will pay the government $15 for each man hired from the receiving centers, which will be applied toward the cost of transportation (the President has asked for an appropriation of $26,485,000 to finance the program). About the only improvement this will bring is that workers now will be recruited under an agreement to which the United States is a party; under the agreement which expired on June 30 employers could recruit workers in designated areas in Mexico.

As though to apologize for having signed the bill, Mr. Truman sent a special message to Congress suggesting enactment of certain measures which his commission had recommended. But did the commission approve S. 984 or was it even consulted? The chairman of the commission declined *The Nation's* request for a comment on S. 984, but it is hard to reconcile the measure with the commission's findings and recommendations. For example, the commission found that the importation of Mexican nationals was inconsistent with our national immigration policy, which has barred contract labor since the 1880's. Yet under the induced fiction of an "emergency" or "labor shortage," the importation of Mexican nationals has steadily undermined this basic policy. A week or so before the President signed the bill, the Border Patrol opened a detention center at El Centro, California, and began to return wetbacks to Mexico by air. Since then about 28,000 illegal entrants have enjoyed a comfortable trip by air from points in the Southwest to points in Mexico at a cost of upward of $500,000. The total number of wetbacks deported since the first of the year from the California-western Arizona section of the border alone is in excess of 150,000. Yet on August 3 the United States embassy counselor in Mexico City announced that as many as 300,000 Mexican nationals would be imported under the new agreement this year. Those who insist that social policies should be in balance will be deeply puzzled by this strange arrangement, under which a government spends vast sums to deport workers when it is spending large sums to import them from precisely the same areas.

In view of all these facts it is a little difficult to understand why President Truman appointed the Commission on Migratory Labor or how he justifies the expense of its investigations. For the appointment of a new commission will soon be made necessary by a repetition of the conditions which prevailed in the spring of 1949. But the report of the new commission can be ignored later should it become necessary, for political reasons, to authorize the importation of further contract labor in 1952—an election year.

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Stormtroopers in Mufti

BY MARK GAYN

Düsseldorf, July

ON A gray day we drive out to Bochum, the city of coal and steel. In a dismal company hostel we talk to a group of coal miners, who stand between rows of iron cots. They are young, sturdy men, the post-war crop, and for many this is their first job. With a daily wage of 11 to 12 marks ($2.60) they are better off than most German workers.

Yet they are sullen and dissatisfied. One after another they express their resentment at having to live a communal and shoddy life, with no privacy, no comfort, no place to bring a girl-friend to, nothing to fill their leisure time. The miners' union is generally regarded as a pillar of the Socialist Party, but these men have no use for either the Socialists or any other major party. "They're all alike," one says sharply. "No one in Bonn is interested in youth. We're the forgotten people of Germany."

We talk to other miners. One is a former Luftwaffe officer, a Prussian Junker, the son of a general executed in 1946 for Dachau atrocities. He is a wiry, intense, articulate man; corded veins throb in his neck as he attacks the "do-nothing" government, the corrupt parties, the general chaos. He suggests that the Allies have been unfair to Germany; he detests communism, believes it should not be hard to recruit an anti-Communist army. "People claim," he says in a taut voice, "that youth is not interested in politics. It's a lie. We talk of politics every night right here, and you'll find they all feel the way I do."

As we interview other groups, the names of obscure little parties keep cropping up—the Radical Socialist Liberty Party, the German Imperial Party, the Economic Reconstruction Union. By nightfall we feel we have had enough. We yearn for a sensible, middle-aged, professional miner, with a home, a family, and a sense of responsibility. Once again we drive across Bochum, through dark, pitted, deserted streets, until we come to rows of tiny company houses set in a muddy lot near the mine. The man we want is just sitting down to eat with his wife.

He is a good-looking man of about fifty, a skilled third-generation miner, a member of the Works Council at his mine. He answers all questions without hesitation and even brings out his income-tax returns. With a six-day week and one extra Sunday shift a month he earned 480 marks that month. After taxes and deductions it shrank to 370 marks ($85). He detests the government and has only a foul word for the opposition leader, Dr. Kurt Schumacher. He refused to vote in the last election, as a protest against the major parties. If he had voted, he says, it would have been for one of the splinter parties promising social justice, equality, and bread for everyone. "After all," he says parenthetically, "we had no unemployment under Hitler."

The miner dislikes impartially the Communists and Chancellor Adenauer, the Allies and Russia. In principle he is not against the revival of the Wehrmacht if it would not cost too much, but he thinks it could not stop the Russians anyway. He is one of the few Germans I have met who is not afraid of the Red Army's arrival. He sweeps his arm around the mean little kitchen, and says, "What can they steal from me?"

Employment in the Ruhr is high, and people in Bochum are therefore better off than in many parts of West Germany. Yet here as elsewhere conditions have produced a weedy crop of political parties. These draw their chief nourishment from the widespread economic distress. Experts of the German Federation of Labor estimate that two-thirds of West Germany's wage-earners get less than 250 marks ($60) a month, though an average family needs 300 marks to get along. West Germany today has roughly 1,400,000 unemployed—600,000 less than last winter but still nearly double the pre-war figure. These people live just this side of starvation—the maximum dole of 90 to 100 marks a month per family is hardly enough to support life.

Another cause of the political confusion is the presence of the millions of refugees from the East. Roughly one of every five West Germans belongs to this category. Unfortunately, the provincial governments have treated them with no more compassion than California once showed to the Okies. So most of the refugees have gone to those areas where they meet the least resistance. Schleswig-Holstein, a poor agricultural state with 1,800,000 inhabitants, took in 2,000,000 outsiders for whom it has no work, no housing, no money, and no love. In Lower Saxony 30 per cent of the population consists of newcomers. These refugees are a dangerously restless element in an uneasy land. They are poor, resentful, rootless, anti-everything but especially anti-Communist, wistfully pro-Nazi, and—not unnaturally

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MARK GAYN, author of the widely read "Japan Diary," has spent the past four years in Europe. This is the first of a series of articles on Germany Today. In the second he will discuss the attitude of different groups in the population toward a new German army.

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—*révanchiste*. Nothing could be more revealing than the name of their biggest party, the Bloc of Those Without Homes or Rights.

Still another factor is the housing crisis. One can hardly describe the tortured face of Germany today—the endless ruins of Berlin, and Frankfurt, and Cologne, and Bochum. Hundreds of thousands of persons live in shacks built of odds and ends, in windowless basements of buildings long pulverized, in bomb shelters and dugouts. A British official estimates that 70 per cent of all housing owned by the mining companies was either totally destroyed or badly damaged. A miners' union organizer says his union members alone need 115,000 flats—and "at the rate we're now going, we won't have them for twenty-five years."

But even this does not complete the formula of unrest. Germany is split in two, and the breach is widening by the hour. The constitution made the central government too weak and the state governments too strong. The anti-Nazi purges have badly miscarried, and the shortage of trained non-Nazi officials has placed ex-Nazis in nearly every vital post—right up to Dr. Adenauer's own Chancellery and the command of the army-to-be.

Not the least unsettling factor is the German state of mind—the ever-present sense of defeat, resentment at the ostentatious comforts of the victors, the feeling that the Allies are "using" Germany to fight their war against Russia, a fierce denial of responsibility for the last war or the atrocities, and finally a nearly universal fear or hatred of Russia. Conditions today are ominously like those of the early days of the Weimar Republic. They present a tempting opportunity to parties with a strong leadership that knows what it wants and can reduce its program to words of two syllables.

ON THE face of it, the opportunity seems made to order for the Communists. The Bolsheviks were brought to power in Russia mainly by popular discontent, strong leadership, and a program reduced to the magic words "Bread and Peace." Curiously enough, this formula does not work in West Germany. The Communists are losing out here. Their membership is shrinking. The circulation of the few papers that have escaped the ban is falling. In the Ruhr, the Communists have lost control of most of the Works Councils they once dominated.

But if the extreme left is suffering, the extreme right is riding high. In many parts of the country hurt pride, economic misery, xenophobia, fear of the future, and a yearning for the glorious past are being translated into neo-Nazism. Thousands file past the grave of one of the more obnoxious of the seven executed war criminals, and a speaker assails the Allies for "violating the laws of humanity." A leading Düsseldorf paper justifies the acts of these war criminals by citing "the Allied war crimes in Korea." A new magazine, *Voices from Germany*, dedicates itself to discrediting the Nürnberg trials and glorifying the Nazi regime.

Uniformed bands are springing up, complete with colored shirts, jackboots, armbands, and the Nazi salute. In Lower Saxony the 6,000-strong Reichsfront has just been banned; in Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein the Saalschutz is a development of Karl Meissner's "German Bloc"; elsewhere are such groups as the uniformed Hedler Jugend of Wolfgang Hedler. Ex-Nazi élite army units are holding reunions. Heinz Guderian and other Hitler generals are turning out a stream of books showing how Hitler tried to save Europe from communism. The rightist spell-binders stop at nothing in vilifying the Bonn government and the Allies ("The Adenauer government is the crawling slave of the Yankee terror regime").

This new hysteria, like the Nazi fanaticism, has invaded private as well as public life, culture as well as politics. Its manifestations run from sending a girl to Coventry when her classmates learn her father took part in the anti-Hitler plot of 1944 to having Nazi hoodlums menace the president of the Bundestag for denying that the new German flag is "a symbol of collapse."

Inevitably the hysteria finds political expression. In one of the *Länder* the chief of the newly formed, hush-hush Department for the Defense of the Constitution tells me he is keeping an eye on some 250 groups and parties, the bulk of them rightist. With few exceptions the parties are small, poor, and led by ex-Nazis. They merge, split up, or just vanish. Their leaders shift from party to party, quarrel, accuse each other of taking tainted money, and hungrily look for such aid. In this game any man has his chance of somehow, like Hitler, catching the public eye, ear, and vote, and eventually obtaining funds. Considerable slush money has already come in—some from ex-Nazis in Argentina and some, according to good evidence, from the Red Army headquarters in Karlsruhe.

FOR the moment, the most successful of the tiny splinter parties is the Socialist Reichs Party of Dr. Fritz Dorls, a forty-one-year-old ex-Nazi author. For his lieutenant, Dorls has picked up the thirty-nine-year-old Nazi fanatic Otto Remer, whom Hitler jumped from major to major general for helping to break the 1944 plot. Remer is a demagogue of the Goebbels type, a lean, intense, violent man who can throw a mass-meeting into a frenzy. His appeal is solely to emotion—to pride, hatred, and nationalism. Thousands cheer him when he shouts, "The day will come when the traitors [who plotted against Hitler] will stand trial before a German court. . . . The day will come when not even a dog in the gutter will take a bite of bread from their hands."

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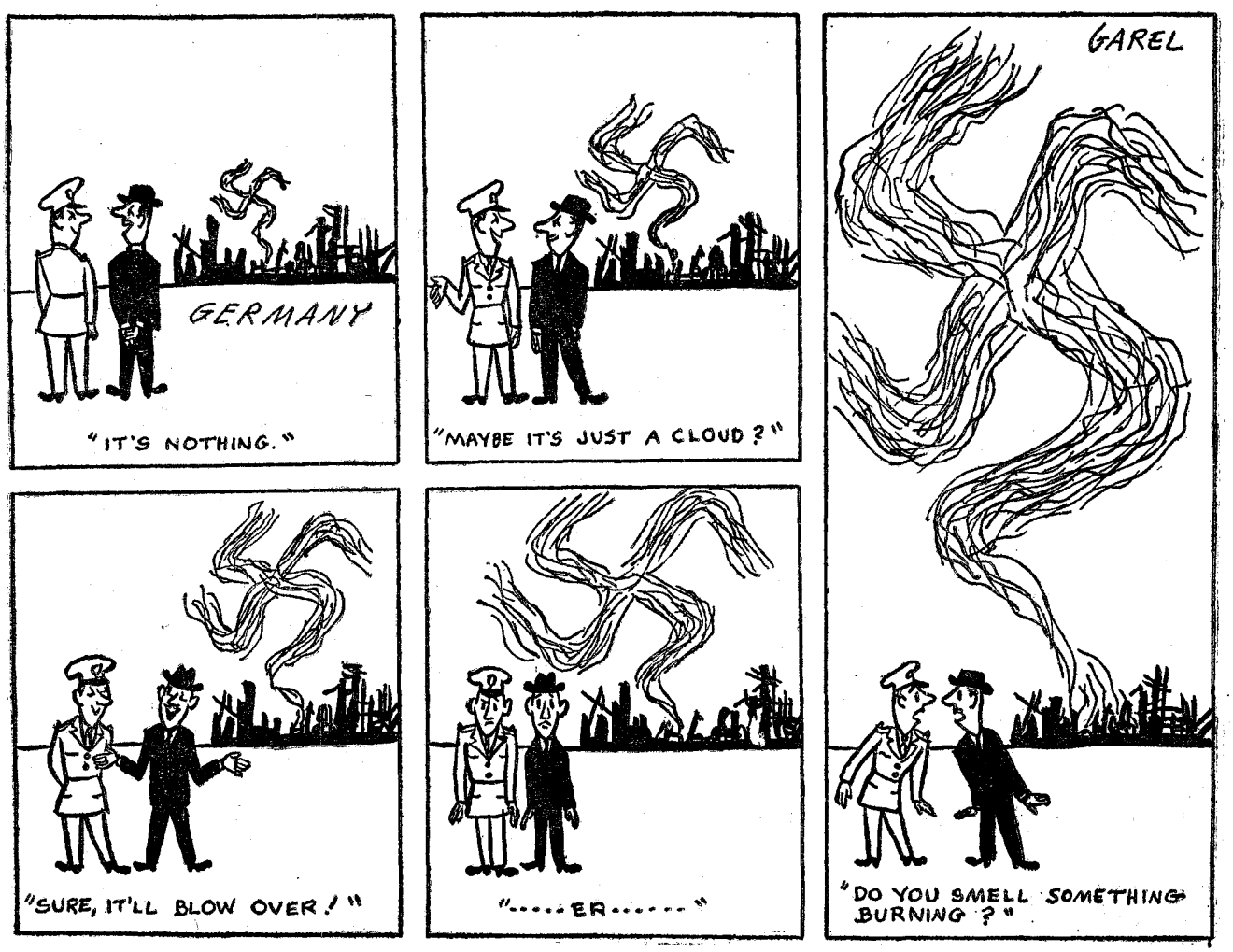
In desolate Lower Saxony the Socialist Reichs Party has been charging admission to its meetings and still packing them. The Nazi slogans and pageantry have paid off. In the May elections to the *Landtag* the party polled some 370,000 votes, or 11 per cent of those cast. Since then the party has been preparing actively if secretly to move into other *Länder,* especially the Ruhr. Its active membership here in April was put at 1,500, but it has since been busily wooing other splinter groups. In Bavaria it has made a deal with Alfred Loritz, head of the Economic Reconstruction Union, which has nine seats in the federal Parliament. Loritz, a powerful speaker known to his followers as the "Blond Führer" and to Allied officials as a mental case, has been disowned by other leaders of his party.

The Socialist Reichs Party is not the only neo-Nazi group which has done well in Lower Saxony. The four extreme rightist parties together polled nearly 900,000 votes, of which half a million went to the Bloc of the Homeless. Though in spots nearly as black as Dorls's band, this refugee party has now been accepted into the Socialist *Land* administration.

The revival of Nazism has produced sharp reactions in the most different quarters. After pooh-poohing the danger until this spring, the Allies, of course, are disturbed, though less by the success of the Socialist Reichs Party as a political organization than by the fact that it is a symptom of dark underground currents. Even less happy are Chancellor Adenauer's own Christian Democrats, who have lost much of their rightist fringe to the neo-Nazis. In recent weeks Bonn has taken some firm steps. Remer has been tried and sentenced to four months in prison for slandering the government leaders. The Socialist Reichs Party's strong-arm Reichsfront has been disbanded. Dorls was deprived of his parliamentary immunity after making a particularly scurrilous attack on a Bavarian minister. As soon as a special court has been set up, the constitutionality of the party itself will be put to a test. Even before then police action may be taken against this and other extremist parties.

Another worried group is the Free Democratic Party, a member of the Bonn coalition and the most respectable element of the extreme right. Fearing that in the next elections in Rhine-Westphalia its neo-Nazi rivals may take away some of its votes, it has been training its heaviest forensic gun, General Hasso von Manteuffel, on the Socialist Reichs Party.

But the deepest concern is felt by the trade unions, which find their program of social reform drowned in the nationalist hubbub. Some of the neo-Nazi orators are already attacking unions as "Communist tools." And there is a persistent fear, which many Allied ob-



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servers here discount, that if the Ruhr industrialists ever lose faith in the two parties they now back—the Christian Democratic and the Free Democratic Party—they might begin to shop around for an acceptable ultra-rightist group.

Some drastic action against the extremists—both of the right and the left—is in the works. But many here have no confidence that suppression would end, or even defeat, extremism. The problem, obviously, is not the emergence of Dorls, Remer, and company but the political, economic, and psychological climate which has encouraged them. Thus both Bonn and Washington are looked to for basic solutions and a bit more wisdom than they have shown in the past.

Portrait of a Boss

BY JAMES MUNVES

THIS month the long-dominant Republican organization of Nassau County, New York, will meet in the Police Auditorium in Mineola, and as it has done in every off-numbered year since 1935 unanimously elect as County Leader a stocky, soft-spoken, not unhandsome man of sixty-four named J. (for John) Russel Sprague. The term "County Leader" may have a bucolic, grass-roots sound, but Mr. Sprague is not the ordinary country politician. His influence extends far beyond the borders of Nassau County, and when the Republicans meet next year in national convention, he will undoubtedly have a voice in choosing their candidates.

He will help formulate the policies of his party as a member of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee, and he will exercise a great deal of control over the convention both as the man who dominates the party in New York State and as the power behind Nassau's Leonard Hall, head of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. Representative Hall's committee determines how the party's funds shall be distributed to help finance the campaigns of its Congressional candidates.

Mr. Sprague entered national politics in 1936, when he headed the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention. He became a national committeeman in June, 1940, the year the "Old Guard" faction defeated the pro-Willkie Republicans in New York State. His contribution to the defeat of the Willkieites, led by Kenneth Simpson, was so decisive that in July, after Willkie was nominated, he was elected to the executive committee of the National Committee.

In the affairs of his party Mr. Sprague is a behind-the-scenes man, a fixer. An associate of his, asked to account for his influence, said: "I've seen Sprague go into a room full of arguing people. Inside of fifteen minutes he'll have them reasonable, and pretty soon they will be agreeing." Sprague has a way of clearing the air of abstract issues and confining attention to votes, jobs, and campaign funds; it has been observed that Governor Dewey's campaigns, which Sprague had a large part in planning, were marked by an absence of issues. When Sprague was asked for his views in the "great debate" on foreign policy, he replied, "I believe that the foreign policy of the United States should reflect the views of the majority of the American people."

"Clock-like precision and steam-roller effect" characterize Sprague's operations, as the Nassau *Review-Standard* said in 1943, when he took over the county Republican organization. But his influence on national politics is only partly due to the efficiency of his methods. Nassau County, 274 square miles in area, is on Long Island, just east of New York City. It was formed in 1898 from the part of Queens County that was not included in Greater New York. In "Your County—Nassau," a handsome brochure distributed free of charge to all new county residents, Sprague describes Nassau as "larger in population [over 700,000] than seven states, seventeenth in size with our nation's great cities, greater in assessed valuation [over $1,330,000,000 at last report] than twenty-five states, and with higher budgets [1951's is $69,479,729.03] than twenty-one of them." What is more, this principality has, since 1942, produced the largest Republican pluralities in the state—in 1948 when Dewey carried the county by 113,792 votes, the state by 60,959, the Nassau vote determined which party won the state—and it admits to having contributed $667,500.86 toward Republican campaigns in the last fifteen years.

Sprague's position as boss of the Republican Party in his county is secured by his position as county executive, a job similar to that of mayor of a large city. Sprague has held his post since 1938, when the charter which created the job, and which he designed, went into effect. One way of determining the sort of man he is and his influence on the Republican Party is to look at his administration of the county.

Nassau officials are polite. "If it is ever reported to Mr. Sprague that a county employee has been discourteous," says Forrest Corson, the Nassau Republicans' well-paid publicity man, "that person gets an immediate

JAMES MUNVES, a man with a varied reportorial past, has lived most of his life in Nassau County, subject to Mr. Sprague.

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reprimand." A young attorney who regularly practices in New York City argued a case in Mineola recently. Afterward he remarked to a friend, "The clerks and other people in the county courthouse are not at all like municipal employees. They are more polite and a little better-dressed than people handling the same jobs in the city, and the girls are younger and prettier."

If Sprague had overheard this he would have been pleased. "The biggest business in Nassau County is the county government," he is fond of remarking. Once he was asked why the Nassau Republican organization was run by a "county leader" who existed side by side with a county chairman. "As county leader," he explained, "I am like the head of the board of directors of a corporation. Mr. Brennan, the county chairman, is like the president of the corporation."

"Russ Sprague may, in a certain sense, be thought of as a classical Republican," said a member of his party whose prestige Sprague has eclipsed. "He reminds one of the McKinley era, conjures memories of that terrifying Keppler cartoon of Old Moneybags in the Senate chamber. Some of us think that's bad for the party. The Young Republicans wouldn't hear of his getting the Senatorial nomination in 1938."

AS A man who thinks in business terms, Sprague naturally strives for efficiency. "Nassau County has the most compact and business-like Board of Supervisors in New York," said Thomas H. Reed, director of the municipal consultant service of the National Municipal League. "Instead of a board the size of a young legislature, as in other counties of like size, Nassau County's board consists of six members whose voting strength is based upon the population of towns and cities they represent. Instead of speechmaking, questions are discussed around the table as in a directors' meeting."

All county business is conducted by the six-man Board of Supervisors in the course of forty-seven meetings a year. Each meeting passes an average of 17.3 cryptic resolutions in an average time of 14.5 minutes, or at a speed of 1.2 resolutions per minute. The only corporations that are administered as smoothly as Nassau County are dummy corporations. Nassau Republicans possess twenty-eight of the Board of Supervisors' thirty votes and feel in no danger of losing any of them. This superiority, assured by Sprague's 1938 charter, puts Nassau Democrats in an even worse position than their one-to-three proportion would indicate. It enables the Republicans to decide all matters of county policy in secret party sessions rather than at open Supervisors' meetings and subjects the 174,000 enrolled Nassau Republicans to the absolute control of the county leader.

Perhaps the best example of Mr. Sprague's business acumen is the method he developed of raising party funds in the county. The system, instituted in 1935 and then administered by Charles Blackwell, heir to a marmalade fortune, and Paul Pennoyer, a Morgan son-in-law, has been widely copied by other county organizations. It requires all contributions to the Republican Party in Nassau County to be made to one centralized agency called the Nassau County Republican Finance Committee, and this committee not only collects all the money but decides how it shall be spent. The system gives the county organization absolute power over all Republican office-holders in the county, since any money raised for campaign purposes must be turned over to the committee. As Mr. Sprague smilingly puts it, "I couldn't conceive of this not being done."

In the fifteen years of its operation the Finance Committee admits to having raised a total of $667,500 for campaign purposes, $128,539 of this in 1948. How much money was collected not specifically for campaign purposes is anybody's guess; $2,000,000 would not be a large sum to have obtained from people who paid out $200,000,000 in county taxes over that period. Whatever the amount, a member of Sprague's organization says that it is exceeded only by the contributions of the New York County organization. Since Nassau has fewer local campaigns to finance than New York County, it may be assumed that Nassau County Republicans contribute more money to state and national campaigns than party members in any other county. "The Sprague machine," a long-time Nassau Democrat has observed, "is in as powerful a position with respect to the national Republican Party as was Tammany Hall with respect to the national Democratic Party up to the formation of Greater New York, and for the same reasons. Funny how the situation that undermined Tammany's preeminence created Sprague's!"

J. Russel Sprague

Will Sprague ever move from the wings on to the stage? In 1948, when Governor Dewey's election to the Presidency seemed certain, there were rumors that Sprague would go to Washington with the new President and other rumors that he would not. Certainly he would not take a job that would prevent him from keeping control of things back in Nassau. He believes in protecting his flanks and rear. He has a good thing in Nassau County, and he means to keep it.

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The Forgotten "Haves"

BY HANNAH R. BLOOM

Los Angeles, August 7

EARLY in September a vanguard of the elderly élite of Los Angeles will launch "a new experiment in graceful living" at Fifield Manor, a non-profit hotel corporation, and latest of the far-flung projects of Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., minister of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles and director of Spiritual Mobilization. At various times California's aged have been offered programs of "Ham 'n' Eggs," "$25 Every Monday," and "$30 Every Thursday," but they have never seen anything like Fifield Manor. Nor will they—for poor people need not apply. Fifield Manor is for those to the manor born.

On July 5 Mrs. Helen Ramsay Fifield, the minister's wife and president of Fifield Manor, announced the purchase of an antiquated, seven-story apartment-hotel in the heart of Hollywood, the Château Elysée, for conversion into "a unique home for older people, long needed in Los Angeles." According to Mrs. Fifield, as quoted in the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*, "there seems to be an unfilled need for lovely facilities for those in their autumn years who have known gracious living and wish to continue it without its responsibilities."

This serious void will be filled by Fifield Manor with accommodations for about eighty persons, aged sixty-five or older, who will be assured of apartment-hotel standards and "food, service, appointments, and clientèle of the highest order." Some of the rooms will be reserved for a sick bay, chapel, and public dining-room. Spacious grounds provide ample resting space for the feeble, and a tennis court is available for those still agile. A trained nurse and physician will be in attendance. The hotel manager, reputedly earning $10,000 a year, will make certain that "you will have comfortable living in a happy, beautiful environment for the rest of your journey." And in case the journey is hastened by atomic war, the Manor garage will make "one of the finest bomb shelters in Los Angeles." Fears of an "institutional atmosphere" also can be dismissed—"there will be no ringing of bells for meals." Indeed, Fifield Manor is "the sort of place anyone would want for his mother's last years."

Such is the tender devotion which was in part responsible for the purchase of the Château Elysée from its recent owners, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Kinsey. The huge structure, said to have a replacement value of $2,400,000, was sold to the Fifield Manor Corporation for slightly more than $1,000,000. The Kinseys had "steadfastly refused to sell the property," the *Herald-Express* reported, "but they were swayed by their interest in the Fifields' worthy cause."

Like all Fifield enterprises, Fifield Manor is about as philanthropic as Spiritual Mobilization is spiritual (see Battle for the Clergy by Carey McWilliams in *The Nation* of February 7, 1948). Exclusiveness is always expensive, and it is especially so under Dr. Fifield's auspices. For lessees, monthly tenants, and life-care residents, an admission fee, payable in full in advance of occupancy, is fixed at $20 per square foot of space rented. Since the minimum fee is $4,900, the smallest apartment would contain only 245 square feet. The admission fee for most apartments is around $7,500, for the largest $11,000. This fee will always be required of new residents, Mrs. Fifield warned; so "none should delay arrangements thinking they will obviate that." The entrance fee is just the beginning of the tariff anyway. The big pitch is for life-care contracts based on age, sex, and life expectancy. The levy for a man of sixty-five is $15,550, for a man of ninety, $3,897. For a man of ninety, then, entrance fee and life care in the smallest apartment would cost nearly $8,800; at the other end of the scale, the largest apartment for a woman of sixty-five totals $29,000. All this, and possibly heaven, too—but "a decent and respectable Christian burial" is extra.

Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr.

Already more than forty applicants have been accepted; about half of the property's purchase price has been paid or committed; and, according to Mrs. Fifield, references of three hundred other applicants are being considered for the unassigned apartments. Life-care has turned out to be the most popular arrangement, she said, because it provides a "barricade of complete security from inflation or whatever may come."

The beneficiaries of the Fifields' "worthy cause" will

HANNAH R. BLOOM is The Nation's *regular correspondent in Los Angeles.*

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undoubtedly be other Fifield "charities," such as Spiritual Mobilization, Government Research, Inc., or, perhaps, even the church. Fifield Manor can continue to operate as a non-profit corporation merely by turning over its accrued profits to other Fifield philanthropies.

In their refuge from the responsibilities of gracious living, Fifield Manor tenants can also feast from Dr. Fifield's private propaganda trough. Within recent weeks Fifield was obliged on two occasions to apologize publicly for scurrilous statements made on his weekly radio broadcast against Benjamin Franklin and the American Civil Liberties Union. To the A. C. L. U. he imputed "Communist tendencies." To Benjamin Franklin he attributed a denunciation of the Jews in an address before the Constitutional Convention of 1787—an old canard thoroughly disproved by historians.

In his radio retractions Fifield said he had, for the second time, confused the Civil Liberties Union with the Civil Rights Congress and dismissed the matter as an "unfortunate error." Although the allegation concerning the Jews and Franklin was admittedly "hurtful of interests to which I am devoted and dedicated," Fifield was "surprised to find that there was any problem here, because the source of my information in that instance is a source I've trusted for a good many years."

Without any nudging from the A. C. L. U., the Anti-Defamation League, or the radio station from which he broadcasts, Fifield took it upon himself to correct a third misconception recently. Asked if Fifield Manor would be for pensioners or the wealthy, he echoed his wife's sentiments. Society, he explained, is divided into two classes: the haves and the have-nots. The have-nots are already well taken care of by the welfare state. But the haves are the forgotten people, and they need someone to take care of them.

It is through Fifield Manor that the Reverend Dr. Fifield—benefactor of the rich and powerful—will attempt to rectify this grave error.

The Soviet Peace Bid

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris

THE current Soviet "peace offensive" is generally considered to have begun on June 23, the day Mr. Malik made his famous U. N. broadcast proposing peace talks in Korea. It may be argued, and has been argued by the Russians, that the Malik broadcast contained nothing very new and was perfectly consistent with the "peace policy" the Soviet Union had been advocating for years. But the facts point to a very definite shift in policy which has been pointed up by subsequent moves.

When the question is asked whether Russia wants peace, one or two points ought to be considered. Until a year ago Russian political philosophy clearly distinguished between "imperialist wars" and "just wars." Mao's military victories over the American-equipped armies of Chiang Kai-shek were hailed with immense enthusiasm in Russia. Similarly, whatever the exact circumstances of the outbreak of the war in Korea, Russia condoned, to say the least, the North Korean invasion of South Korea and gave the North Koreans "moral support" after it would have been too dangerous to give them more tangible help. Probably one of the lessons learned by Russia from the Korean war is that with present methods of warfare no war, however "just," pays off.

Moscow's "standoffishness" in the Iranian dispute has been striking; hardly a word about the "Iranian people's struggle against British imperialism" has appeared in the Russian press, which has been content to quote from Iranian newspapers and to discourse on the rivalry between British and American oil interests. Russia's apparent readiness to leave Iran alone, its willingness to preserve the status quo in Korea, its feeling that Vietminh's "just" war in Indo-China may only lead to new complications—all these things suggest that the Kremlin's real purpose in desiring a conference of the Big Five is to draw some kind of demarcation line between the two worlds, even if it means leaving some of Russia's friends in the lurch. Abandonment of its friends has never been an overriding objection with Moscow when the higher interests of the Soviet Union were involved—witness the fate of the Bela Kun regime in Hungary in 1919 and of the Azerbaijan "democrats" in 1946. In addition to a possible demarcation line Russia may be expected to seek an agreement on China and Formosa, elimination of the more threatening American air bases, the disarmament of Germany and Japan, and so on. The Western powers are in a good position to demand in return valuable guaranties of security; Russia is obviously in a mood to bargain.

It is easy to pooh-pooh Russian talk about "peaceful

ALEXANDER WERTH, formerly The Nation's *correspondent in Moscow, watches Russian developments from Paris, where he is now stationed. He follows carefully the Russian press and radio and talks to persons coming from the Soviet Union, reporting from time to time on trends revealed by these sources.*

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coexistence" and to say that the ultimate objective of Soviet policy is the extension of communism throughout the world, but in the Soviet view, coexistence, even over a very long period of years, is possible *if it happens to suit both sides.* Under existing conditions there is good reason to believe it suits Russia. Since it obviously suits America's allies, the great question, from the Russian standpoint, is whether it also suits America, and about this Moscow has grave doubts. Government and press constantly point to the rapid increase in bomber bases around Russia and China; they know that the Palais Rose conference broke down on this very issue.

With the theory that "just" wars are inevitably victorious properly discarded after the grim lesson of Korea, all thought of expansion, for whatever reasons, in the present circumstances has probably been abandoned. Where, indeed, is the evidence today of "expanding Soviet imperialism"? In the Russian view, places like Japan and Formosa are clearly intended to serve America as bases for attack, not for defense. For its part Russia now takes the view that it has "enough to go on with."

Highly characteristic in this connection was the prominence given by the Russian papers to the speech by Lu Chao-tsi, the Chinese Communist leader, in Peking on July 1, in which he said that the task of building the new China was one for "several decades," citing the facts that the feudal regime was still in force in large parts of China and that the Communist Party had only 5,800,000 members in the whole of China, of whom 2,700,000 were in the armed forces. He added, of course, that China was "very conscious of America's attempt to wreck the work of the Chinese revolution."

EVEN more comforting to Russians than the thought of having "550,000,000 Chinese on our side" is the feeling that their own living conditions are continually improving, while conditions in Western Europe, the press assures them, are declining. One of the best Western observers, an important diplomat, recently described the situation to me on his return from Moscow. I give his statement at some length, since it provides up-to-date information from a disinterested source.

> Two points are very striking to anyone who knows the country well—the rapid growth in all forms of technical efficiency and the improvement in living standards. Hundreds of thousands of hard-working young technicians are turned out every year—612,000 specialists with a university education since 1946—and all of them are grateful and wholehearted supporters of the regime. Building is going on all over Moscow, and it is being done quickly and efficiently by the most modern methods—very different from what it was a few years ago. Outside Moscow, in the war-devastated areas, some six million houses or apartments have been built in the last few years. A point constantly emphasized, not only in the press but also in private conversations, is that the vast projects for irrigation, for hydroelectric power stations, for reforestation, and the rest are opening up boundless possibilities for any number of skilled workers and technicians.
>
> The shortage of labor in some fields has tended to raise wages. I have seen public notices advertising various jobs. Thus trolley-bus drivers are offered 1,200 rubles or more a month; riveters and other skilled workers, 1,000 to 1,600 rubles a month; accountants, 700 to 800; typists, 600 to 700. Factory wages in Moscow are around 1,000 rubles a month but may be as high as 2,000 rubles. The minimum industrial wage is now about 600 rubles, and when one considers how much pooling of family budgets there is in Russia, with most of the women also working, it is apparent that workers' families live much more comfortably today than a few years ago.
>
> There are strict limits to what a worker's family can buy. But how much stuff can be got into those small workers' flats? A few pieces of furniture, a wireless set, a gramophone perhaps, not many clothes. Bicycles, motorcycles, and, latterly, small cars have become an outlet for spare cash. At the official rate 1,000 rubles is equal to $250, but in purchasing power to only about $85 or $90. However, rent, fuel, and gas are low; transport, cinemas, and theaters are cheap; medical and educational facilities are free or practically so. And most important of all, food is plentiful and with some exceptions not expensive. Bread is 1.20 rubles a kilo; white bread 4 rubles. Butter at 20 rubles a pound is still dear, but meat, varying from 8 to 13 rubles a pound, is much cheaper than it used to be. Excellent canteen meals are served at 3 to 5 rubles. Foreigners in Moscow, always going to the old de luxe places, have no idea how well one can dine for from 20 to 25 rubles —with caviar, vodka, and wine included—in some of the second-class eating places.
>
> The people, especially the young men and girls one sees in the streets, are very nicely dressed, and the girls take great care of their hair and fingernails, which they didn't do before. Hairdressers and manicurists are among the busiest people in Russia now.
>
> It's a great pleasure to talk to these young Russians, especially to the students. Once in a while one comes across an arrogant type, but most of them are pleasant, polite, and cheerful; they are earnest, too, tremendous readers, and passionately fond of the theater—and of football matches. The people are full of humor, some of it much like the old Russian humor of the classic writers, and I heard more gay laughter in the streets of Moscow than in any capital in the West.
>
> The people do not really think of war. They seem to be oddly confident that no one will "dare" attack Russia, though the feeling against America is very strong. One sees no bomb shelters being built in Moscow.
>
> Russian young people show great devotion to the many Chinese and Koreans in Moscow—soldiers, stu-

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dents, artists, and so on. Chinese and Korean actors, jugglers, dancers, and other entertainers—for example, the Chinese "Circus Gala"—have an enormous success. An astonishing number of Russians are studying Chinese, and there is more widespread fellow-feeling for the Chinese and Koreans than for any West Europeans.

Many of my readers may think this too favorable a picture of Russia, but I have a lot of other evidence that it is in the main correct. Without question Russia is increasingly well off materially, even spectacularly prosperous according to Asian standards. The young generation is energetic, increasingly efficient, and confident about the future. It is not a country that would invite light-heartedly an atomic war.

Why They Cheat

BY HART STILWELL

THE dismissal of ninety West Point cadets, including a big chunk of the football team, for cheating in examinations brings into sharp focus an age-old problem in education which most people have preferred to ignore. To me it recalls a conversation I had many years ago with a seventeen-year-old high-school youth—a football player, incidentally. I had picked him up and was taking him to school. We got on the subject of cheating. He talked about it quite frankly.

"Do a lot of students cheat?" I asked him.

"Sure," he said.

"How many, about half?"

"Half the boys, maybe—not so many girls. They're afraid."

"Do they cheat in all their classes?"

"All except one. We've got one blind teacher."

"Nobody cheats in his class?"

"Why, of course not," he said, surprised that I should ask the question.

"Why not?"

"Why, because he can't see us if we cheat. It wouldn't be right. We'd throw anybody out of his class who'd cheat on him."

That conversation seems to me significant. It made very clear something all adult educators know but will not face: that there will be cheating just as long as the teacher mistrusts the pupil.

I have contemplated an education system in which all the teachers are blind. But, alas, there are not enough blind people. I have studied causes. The facts are pretty well known. Students cheat for these reasons: First, the teacher acts as though he expects them to cheat. Second, the grade system is mostly foolishness, and the student knows it. Third, written examinations as now required are a painful, pointless business. Fourth, cheating in school is nothing more than a reflection of a way of life in the adult world.

I have pondered remedies. The ones I think of are: First, trust the pupil and show him that you do. Second, reduce the reward for cheating by eliminating or drastically overhauling the grade system. Third, eliminate written examinations as now given.

And as a general procedure I would suggest reducing the amount of "mass" teaching and increasing the amount of personal contact. To argue that this is impossible, since a teacher may have as many as forty pupils, is to argue that change is impossible. A teacher who spends five minutes a week in personal conference with each pupil is likely to do a much better job than one spending five hours a week trying to handle forty pupils in a bunch. In fact, there is no satisfactory substitute for personal relationship between teacher and student, although our educational structure, except on the graduate level, actually prevents that. Both teacher and pupil consider it a bit shameful to be seen in the other's company.

Perhaps this stems from what is undoubtedly an American phenomenon and possibly a by-product of public free education—the worship of books even by people who do not read them. To the majority of Americans, studying and learning are identified with books, with reading; one cannot learn otherwise. A student spending three hours a week in conversation with a learned educator is not studying, not learning, but if he reads a book by that educator he is studying and learning. It is an odd theory, and out of it we have evolved a nation of people who can think only at a typewriter and who use whiskey as a substitute for conversation when they meet socially.

We have other interesting folkways, including the refusal to admit what is known to be true. When some enterprising students at the University of Texas conducted a survey that revealed a large percentage of cheating, the reaction of the administration was typical—a flat denial that the figures were correct. But they were correct. Cheating is general in our schools from the primary grades up to the graduate level. It tapers off there because the graduate student is likely to be a real scholar in search of learning, and his contacts with his professors are personal.

Yet all down the line cheating could be virtually eliminated if we really wanted to eliminate it. And if a psychiatrist could probe deep enough into the recesses of our subconscious, he might find that we hesitate to wipe out cheating for fear it might render our children unfit to meet the challenge of the business world.

HART STILWELL formerly edited the Brownsville Herald. *He now lives in Austin, Texas, and is the author of two novels, "Border City," which dealt with the "wetbacks" in Texas, and "Campus Town," which concerns academic freedom.*

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PAPER BOOKS: WHAT DO THEY PROMISE?

BY HARVEY SWADOS

II

JUST what contents we can expect from the reprint houses depends on the output of trade publishers and the economics of paper-book distribution. If it were simply a matter of reproducing those titles which have sold best in hard-cover editions, then best-sellers and book club selections would automatically be transformed into paper books. But experience has taught reprint publishers that such works, artificially inflated and jammed down the throats of book buyers, are often dismal failures when exposed on their merits to the mass market, without promotion. What is more, they have discovered that mediocre fiction, harshly criticized by responsible book reviewers, often sells well in paper covers, that given the opportunity hundreds of thousands of supposedly flash buyers will purchase not only this mediocre fiction but books by such writers as William Faulkner and Carson McCullers, and that self-help books and good fiction will often outsell staple mysteries.

The unexpectedly good taste of the American public, together with the need to keep the pipe lines flowing, has caused reprint publishers to compete for practically every title of interest on trade publishers' lists, to bid on manuscripts even before their purchase by hard-cover publishers, and to arrange for simultaneous reprint and hard-cover publication of special titles, in the manner of the *Reader's Digest* "plants." Victor Weybright of New American Library compares picking a book for reprint in this mass market to buying a yearling at Saratoga. "It may look very handsome," he says, "but how fast will it run?"

The speed with which a paper book will move is the crucial factor in its success or failure, for except in special cases it cannot be warehoused and sold slowly as demand builds up. And it must be borne in mind, as Freeman Lewis of Pocket Books emphasized to me, that a reprint publisher loses all his profits on a dozen titles when one title goes unsold—for all paper books are sold on a wholly returnable basis. (J. K. Lasser has asserted, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, that "one large company has twenty million books in its own or wholesalers' warehouses, or in the dealers' racks.")

Since every paper-book title involves a certain risk, the major reprinters are quite self-satisfied about their lists, pointing out that they represent a reasonable cross-section of what is being issued by trade-book houses. But marginal publishers are bitter about their exclusion from many newsstands and about having to bear the onus for bringing out the trashiest books. One small publisher insists that the big six have a mania for plastering the newsstands with their titles and preempting the field, so that the little publisher cannot compete for big-name authors and can raise the level of his list only by looking for sleepers among current books or by grubbing through titles in the public domain. This viewpoint has been most articulately expressed by Matthew Huttner of Almat Publishing Corporation in a recent letter to *Publishers' Weekly*. "The unrealistic program of eight to ten titles per month," wrote Mr. Huttner, ". . . has been chiefly responsible for the mounting proportion of undistinguished reprints. . . . If the long-established reprint publishers are really concerned about reader discouragement, they could concentrate on fewer but better books." He speaks of "the penchant of the giant firms for producing and producing," and insists that "the outcome, of course, is the periodic glut."

This glut is acknowledged by practically every reprint publisher to whom I have spoken, but the "penchant for producing" of which Mr. Huttner complains is the very essence of the business, and it is doubtful whether reprint publishers will voluntarily acquiesce in the immediate future to any reduction in their output unless pipe lines become hopelessly clogged with returns or trade publishers suddenly place difficulties in the way of reprinting their books.

The latter eventuality is extremely unlikely, not only because trade publishers last year received well over a million dollars from reprint firms, but also because the sales of important hard-cover books have in many cases actually been stimulated by paper reprinting—every reprint publisher can cite at least one such instance. The relations between trade and reprint publishers are becoming increasingly intimate, with results that are sometimes very beneficial to the reading public. An example is the arrangement between Pocket Books and Duell, Sloan and Pearce which resulted in the publication by both of Dr. Spock's now celebrated "Book of Baby and Child Care," a volume that will surely come to be regarded as a classic of straightforward expository prose.

BUT the dangers in the increasing dependence of trade publishers on reprints are at least as great as the benefits that readers derive from this association. They are the same dangers as those inherent in the development of such outfits as Gold Medal Books, specializing in the publication of "original" paperbound books (actually formula fiction, written to specification): the dead-level standardization and "Hollywoodization" of literature, as James T. Farrell termed it in his penetrating essay "The Fate of Writing in America." For as publishing emerges from its quiet corner and becomes a progressively larger segment of the American business pattern, how much room will there be for the dissident, the innovator? What will become of the liberal tradition which is

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the proper pride of American publishing?

Today trade publishers solicit bids from reprint houses on manuscripts as yet unpurchased in order to ascertain possible subsidiary revenues. Will they tomorrow reject serious works which do not appear to have immediate reprint possibilities in astronomical figures? Today the fantastically successful young author of a series of mysteries receives cases of cigarettes from a grateful tobacco manufacturer whose product has been casually mentioned in one of his books. Will the manufacturer tomorrow threaten publishers who print unfavorable references to smoking, as he learned to do with complaisant Hollywood producers?

Today serious young writers, if they are tough enough, can buck, not old-fashioned starvation, but new-fashioned easy and lucrative success. But will the publisher who today concentrates on merchandise for the mass market discover tomorrow, as William Miller has warned, "that the methods by which he raised the money for publishing the best literature available so lowered the intellectual and artistic vigor of writers that their best became undistinguishable from the best-sellers?"

These are the questions which should concern us. Seen from a reasonable perspective, the tons of mysteries and "love romances" that overflow from every newsstand are as nothing compared to the opportunities their publishers have given the American people: surely it is worth a thousand westerns for one "Life on the Mississippi" to be made available to all of us for twenty-five cents. The taste of the American public will be much less corrupted by the bosom books than it will be improved by exposure to new American novelists, important factual books, and European authors. It would be unfair indeed to write of the paper-book business without acknowledging that its contributions in the field of popular culture have already surpassed those of other mass media, and that its future plans—including thirty-five-, fifty-cent, and dollar editions that should practically eliminate the necessity for abridgments—are more bright with promise than those of radio, television, or the movies. This is true not only of New American Library, whose Mentor series of important non-fiction reprints can justifiably be regarded as a major event in our recent cultural history, but of all the paper-reprint publishers who have demonstrated that you can make money by distributing huge quantities of good books alongside the safer "popular" concoctions.

These problems cannot be handled by the paper-book publishers alone, for their solution involves a reorganization of the entire distributive mechanism. Ned Pines of Popular Library points out that the distributive outlet has gone virtually unchanged for fifty years, save for the addition of paper-book racks and vending machines. Another large publisher concedes that "because of bulk delivery, we've failed to find a satisfactory way of getting a particular book to a particular reader," and a small publisher is convinced that his worth-while books —forming by his own estimate about 15 per cent of his list—go unsold "because our distributor, who handles junky pulps, doesn't know what to do with good books." More importantly, there will have to be a consistent effort by trade publishers to maintain their cultural and economic independence from Hollywood, book clubs, and reprinters alike; and most important of all, we must hope for a courageous resistance to easy money and easy popularity by those who will write the books of tomorrow.

[*The first part of this article appeared last week.*]

Education Pressure Groups

THIS HAPPENED IN PASADENA. By David Hulburd. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

HOW GOOD IS YOUR SCHOOL? By Wilbur A. Yauch. Harper and Brothers. $2.75.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SCANDAL. By Earl Conrad. The John Day Company. $3.50.

HERE are three books about the public schools which, despite very great differences, are agreed on one thing—that the American public is quite lacking in educational judgment. Only one of them, Mr. Hulburd's "This Happened in Pasadena," gives evidence for this view; the other two assume it and set out to provide the American public with the wherewithal for better educational discrimination. Though Mr. Hulburd refrains from anything of the sort his book throws vastly more light upon what ultimately matters in education than do either of the other two.

"What Happened in Pasadena" is a dramatically written, yet closely documented study of the events that preceded the appointment in 1948 of Willard Goslin, an educator of national reputation, to be superintendent of Pasadena's schools and of those that led to his forced resignation two and a half years later. It is an alarming story of how well-intentioned but ill-informed people can be exploited by self-interested enemies of public enlightenment. It is at the same time a warning of the inadequacy of the electorate's defenses against rabble-rousing demagoguery. That Mr. Goslin was in effect defeated by democratic vote is a sobering reminder that electoral democracy is far from being the guaranty of freedom that many people suppose it to be.

What happened in Pasadena is quite clearly the result of the Pasadena schools having failed to play the part they should have played in developing a democratically enlightened citizenry. The reason for this failure and the changes in the schools which would have been necessary to prevent it Mr. Hulburd does not regard as within his province to discuss.

A clue is all unknowingly provided by Mr. Yauch's "How Good Is Your School?" This book sets out to instruct us on what makes good schooling good, and, in turning to it from Mr. Hulburd's book we naturally look with special interest to see what the author has to say about how a school should set about fostering in young people that power of distinguishing between what is good and honest and what is not which the Pasadena electorate, in their treatment of Mr. Goslin, showed themselves so much to lack. Actually we find Mr. Yauch has nothing to say about this. Instead, we find him upholding the view that goodness and honesty are words that have no more than a regional meaning. In Russia, he tells us, a good citizen is one thing, and in Germany or America quite another. In line with this he tells us that in a democracy the only authority to be respected is "what people agree to do

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together," and that the highest form of conduct is that which achieves "self-satisfaction," especially in "pleasing" others. If his view on this all-important matter were to be taken seriously it would follow that the Pasadena majority was right because it was the majority; it would follow also that the best schools were those that trained their pupils to go along with this majority.

Mr. Yauch prides himself on not writing like a college professor; yet his views on education are in line with the established orthodoxy of the teachers' colleges. This is an orthodoxy which not only is dedicated to the "scientific" view of humanity, according to which right and wrong are merely matters of local fashion, but also claims Congressional immunity in its slanderous account of the nature of humanity by insisting that it has expert knowledge beyond the comprehension of ordinary men and women. Mr. Yauch makes this claim explicitly in advising us that we should intrust our children to the educational experts just as we would intrust our bodies to the skill of the surgeon.

Many readers of Mr. Yauch's book would perhaps be frightened out of criticism by the invocation of such a comparison, but not so the author of "The Public School Scandal." Mr. Conrad's book is one long tirade against the "science" of the educational experts. This, he asserts, is a bogus science which, in spite of all its talk of respect for the individual, has no sense of what people are or of how its policies destroy what should be the foundation of young people's characters and prepare them for nervous breakdown.

So much of what Mr. Conrad writes is unrecognized truth—one might well say scandalously unrecognized—that a reviewer hesitates to charge him with overstating his case. His book is admittedly intended as a philippic and must be read as such. Even so one cannot but deplore the niggardliness of his appreciation of the large number of teachers who despite frustrating conditions devote their lives to the service of the nation's youth and in spite of their training in scientific pedagogy know as well as he—and some of them much better—what is wrong.

The main weakness of Mr. Conrad's criticism of the public schools is that it shows no greater sense than does Mr. Yauch's book of the quite literally demoralizing influence of the relativistic doctrines with which the schools of education have, during the past forty years, permeated the school system. It is these that provide the main part of the explanation of why the schools have failed to serve in the making of a democratically enlightened citizenry.

That this failure should have shown itself as clearly as it did in Pasadena rather than elsewhere is largely accident. All those who read Mr. Hulburd's book will recognize that the pressure groups that united to oust Mr. Goslin are also at work in their own community and will feel that if these groups united and took up the instruments of demagoguery as they did in Pasadena, they would achieve similar results. Only those who hold to the conception of civic virtue outlined in Mr. Yauch's book will remain untroubled at the thought that they too might one day wake up to find themselves in Pasadena.

JOHN PILLEY

Landscape with Figures

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE. By William Sansom. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

BOOK after book, William Sansom remains the most intelligent and promising of the younger English writers. One puts down "The Face of Innocence," his second novel, feeling, as one felt after "The Body" and after "South," that another time he will surely bring off what he is trying to do.

For "The Face of Innocence" is not a very good novel. Its great virtues, like the virtues of the books which preceded it, lie somewhere outside fiction, with the essay, with the best travel writing, sometimes with poetry. As V. S. Pritchett says, the author sees the physical world in a new way. The excitement and the joy he communicates—I use these words with care—are in the sights and sounds and movements he recaptures.

So far his vision has not penetrated successfully beyond these externals, although his announced subject is the maladies of the spirit. "The Body," his first novel, set out to examine an obsession, the self-torment of a London hairdresser, convinced that his wife was having an affair with the man next door. "The Face of Innocence" has the same kind of theme. Because her life in London as a waif about the town has been so drab, Eve Camberley must invent for herself a dream of former travels, minor escapades, and lovers. When her devoted Teddy-bear of a husband—"somehow one always thought of Harry in an overcoat"—takes her on an actual trip abroad in company with the old school friend who tells the story, she is awakened, like some Sleeping Beauty of the suburbs, into life. Promptly and frenetically she has an affair with a garage man near Marseilles. Back in England and after the garage man has left her, the dream returns. Adultery has been neither more nor less significant than marriage; both are equally real, equally unreal. Her lying, which is not lying but pathetic invention to atone to herself for the poverty of her experience, continues, an incurable disease. Ironically, when she is last seen with Harry, "they looked a happy pair together in the firelight." These gyrations are given a factitious complexity by the ambiguity of the narrator's attitude toward her, a mixture of desire and the detachment expected of the novelist.

Mr. Sansom is saying that dream and reality are often hard to distinguish, and that they are likely to melt into each other in a disturbing fashion. Harry, the devoted and deceived, has his own dream of Eve, which does not resemble the narrator's awareness of her. Yet that awareness too is subject to reformulations. Eve's garage man becomes as unreal to the reader as her earlier invented, but plausible lovers. Under all is an implicit despair about the meaningfulness of human ties.

"The Body" was engrossing not because of its somewhat clinical account of paranoid behavior but for its milieu—a magnificent, decaying Victorian suburb. In "South" landscape was more important than the human figures which populated it. The effect of these stories is like that created by a Piranesi etching, in which tiny, inconsequential, sometimes vaguely symbolic figures go about their daily business while behind them looms a fabric of monuments, prisons, and ruined palaces of which they are but half aware. In the present book there is a resolute but mechanical

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effort to subordinate the landscape to the figures. The minor characters are mild caricatures of some actuality which seems not to interest Mr. Sansom. The major characters are types: Harry, the loving, half-understanding cuckold; Eve, the bundle of obsessions; their difficulties are resolved with a facile irony. The narrator is realized because the truly important facts of weather, scenery, and architecture are filtered through his sensibility. The feeling for place—I know of nothing like it since D. H. Lawrence—is still the most powerful element in Mr. Sansom's fiction.

This dichotomy between the situation and the milieu in which it is acted out infects the prose. Two passages will illustrate the point. In the first Harry has just announced his engagement:

> To be honest—I did not altogether care. Yet there was that face I knew so well—and in the next second I did begin to feel that he was happy. But underlying this must have been much of the uneasiness with which the news of a wedding is received. A feeling not so sacred as it should be—a taste of stale champagne muddled with a sensation that serious news has arrived from the Front. Nevertheless—the loins must be girded, the self must stand to attention and effect its grave little message of congratulation.

This is deliberately slap-dash and casual, verging on the clever. It is reminiscent of Auden and Betjeman at their most frivolous. The focus shifts quickly from the particular situation and feeling to a generalization, supported by cloudy imagery, about the way people may be expected to feel on the occasion of such an announcement. A few pages later, in a passage in which the narrator needs only to describe how he feels about the weather, although it is intended to mark and does mark a contrast to an earlier mood, the writing is at its best:

> I made my excuses as soon as fairly I could. Out into the bright March day, out from the dead smell of new flats. White clouds blew fast across a high blue sky. The newly gummy buds sparkled in such a fresh wind. A few early blossoms scattered pink on the grav pavements. Puddles caught the blue of the sky. I went home and tried unsuccessfully to work.

It is still touch-and-go—I said this last October of "South" and it is disappointing to repeat—whether fiction can be written in these terms. Perhaps Mr. Sansom will be saved on another occasion by his belief in the importance of experience: "All experience," he notes, "is unique":

> It is only similar to other experience. It is happening to one person, perhaps for the first time, with the virgin wonder that goes with all first experience.

"The Face of Innocence" is full of virgin wonder. But it is the wonder of the physical world rather than of the human beings who inhabit it.

ERNEST JONES

Marxism à la Russe

CRACKS IN THE KREMLIN WALL. By Edward Crankshaw. The Viking Press. $3.50.

THIS book will ruffle some carefully preened feathers in every camp of opinion about the major issue of contemporary politics. Yet anyone whose mind is not sealed against new ideas will certainly profit from Crankshaw's pages. Here is a thoughtful study, based on wide reading and first-hand experience, that stands head and shoulders above the trivia and fatuous prophecy so often encountered in contemporary writing on Russia.

The author's central thesis, as I read it, is that Soviet behavior at home and abroad is the result of both Marxism and the characteristics of the Russian people. By itself this familiar statement does not do justice to Crankshaw's position, since it is in the special interpretation of these two variables and their numerous subdivisions that the author's contribution lies.

In the analysis of the Marxist idea and the way it has been developed and reinterpreted under Russian conditions this reviewer can find no significant points with which to quarrel. The premise of dictatorship was made explicit by Lenin, and its implications were put into effect by Stalin. This was in many respects an unintentional process, as Crankshaw correctly points out. I do feel, however, that too much is made of the Marr incident in the argument that Marxism now means what Stalin wants it to mean. Stalin, and Lenin before him, made it clear, on many previous occasions in the last fifty years, that Marxism may mean whatever the Soviet leaders choose it to mean.

It is the interpretation of Russian national character and of Russian diplomacy in czarist and modern times as having some special quality of "duplicity *à l'outrance*" that ruffles this reviewer's feathers. Granting that the diplomacy of any state is an adaptation to the international struggle for power and that it reflects both domestic and world conditions, I do not believe that Crankshaw has proved his case for the importance, or even the existence, of the *âme slave*. Crankshaw and others try to put salt on the tail of this elusive phenomenon by the claim that it has three distinguishing characteristics. These are a hankering for anarchy, a yearning for universal truth that rules out personal and political compromise, and a messianic sense of mission. Since none of these perfectionist desires can be realized in practice, Crankshaw argues, the consequence is despotism at home, expansion and duplicity abroad. Ingenious, but to me unconvincing. No one has yet proved the existence of a common core of Russian personality traits, characteristic of all Russians. If such could be found, then there might

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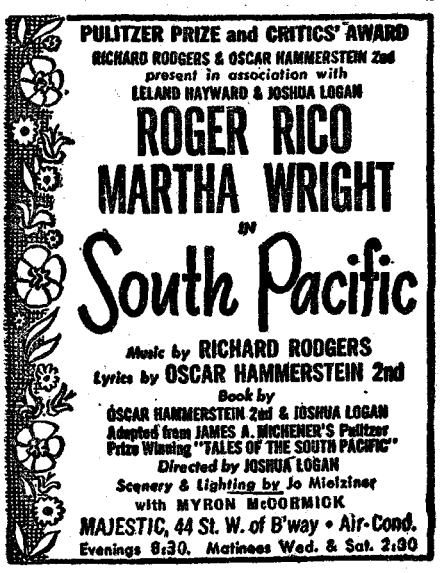
be some basis for relating Russian despotism to the "Russian personality." But I prefer an explanation in terms of history and social structure. The development and expansion of despotism is readily understandable in a country exposed to conquest. In addition, Russia was long cut off from the forces that created the commercial and industrial societies of the West. Many other factors, of course, enter into such an explanation, and the psychological and historical-sociological viewpoints are not mutually exclusive. But the weight one puts on each has a great deal of practical importance. If the weight is on national character, the possibilities for fundamental change induced by political or other developments are slight indeed. If the emphasis falls the other way, it is clear that political and social systems often undergo rapid change, and that "eternal Russia" cannot be a permanent exception.

Crankshaw does not force any of his views to the point of doctrinaire absurdity. The lack of programmatic rigidity is welcome, but carries with it occasional inconsistencies. One of the more striking contradictions occurs in the analysis of Stalin and his regime. At one point the author inclines to the belief that only the "Stalin regime could have held Russia together in the fight against Germany," while elsewhere he speaks of the regime's "disgraceful performance" and innate weakness as shown by wholesale desertion and disaffection in the first stages of the Nazi attack.

I agree heartily with Crankshaw's and Isaac Deutscher's conclusion that Stalin does not now have, and never has had, any subtle master-plan of world conquest lasting for decades, and that the post-war revival of Leninism has been widely misinterpreted by American amateur strategists. Nevertheless, I think Crankshaw tries unsuccessfully to demonstrate an about-face in Soviet policy toward an all-out cold war in 1947 and that he overlooks significant continuities in Stalin's policy. A major thread in this policy was the Soviet effort to retain as strong a position as possible vis-à-vis the allies of the moment. This attempt led Stalin to behave toward the West in very much the same way he behaved toward Hitler. The cold war was latent during the entire period of the Big Three and came increasingly into the open with the collapse of a common enemy. Then Stalin's major antagonist, both potential and actual, ceased to be Germany, to which Crankshaw attaches too much importance, and became the strongest remaining power, the United States.

Some of Crankshaw's most suggestive pages deal with the strains and stresses within the present totalitarian system. He does not make the mistake of evaluating the pressures on the Russian people in Anglo-Saxon terms of comfort and liberty. At the same time he shows more clearly than most writers how the strains on the Soviet citizen react against the makers of Soviet policy and the ways in which the regime might conceivably disintegrate or undergo large-scale transformation. In general he endeavors to deflate the nightmare menace that threatens to rattle us into our own form of garrison state and to bring the reality out into the daylight, where we may look at it soberly and take its measure in a manly and rational fashion. In the resulting image one may question important lines and perhaps even some of the major proportions, yet have nothing but praise for the endeavor. Our alternative to this endeavor, as the author says, is a "blind, convulsive effort. . . . Perhaps we should be dropping atom bombs on the cities of Russia on one of these fine nights to make a bonfire which will allay our fears of the dark—until the fire burns down and the darkness returns. That is a point of view, but not, I think, a very good point of view." I agree.

BARRINGTON MOORE, JR.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Books in Brief

THE MELODIES LINGER ON. Fifty Years of Popular Song. By Larry Freeman. Century House. Watkins Glen, N. Y. $5. This is primarily a Tin-Pan Alley picture-book of song-covers and singers. There is a running text, with many highly original misspellings, but with a lot of information. A fast job of look-up, write-up and paste-up, which has produced a good reminiscent conversation-piece for passing around in company. There is no music.

FOLKSONGS OF FLORIDA. Collected and Edited by Alton C. Morris. Musical Transcriptions by Leonhard Deutsch. University of Florida Press. $7.50. A large, scholarly, and well-annotated collection, the first from Florida, a region which has of course attracted settlers with their songs from many other states, both hot and cold. The range of this book is correspondingly wide, and along with much cheap, mutilated, or garbled material there are some superior examples, particularly in the large Scotch and English section, the play-party songs, and the fiddler pieces. One grim lyric, Poor Old Woman, is quite extraordinary; maybe "folk" but certainly art—where is its tune? Piano accompaniments are not given.

A. N.

RAYMOND OF THE TIMES. By Francis Brown. Norton. $5. Henry Jarvis Raymond founded the New York *Times* in 1851 after serving an apprenticeship in the cutthroat journalism of the period on Greeley's *Tribune* and Webb's *Courier and Enquirer*. He died at the age of forty-nine in a faint aura of scandal, having been deposited at his door, late at night, and barely alive, by two unknown men after what was rumored to have been a farewell visit to his mistress. During his short but excessively active life he built the *Times* into a solid and profitable enterprise with an enduring reputation for thorough coverage and independent policy. A protégé of Seward and of Thurlow Weed, Raymond swam indefatigably in the turbulent sea of Civil War politics, and the most interesting sections of the biography are those dealing with the political intrigues and personalities of

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the fifties and sixties. Solid rather than brilliant, Mr. Brown's book admirably reflects the qualities of the paper that Raymond founded and on which the author is employed.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

THE continuing flood of new recordings has delayed until now my report on RCA Victor's Treasury of Immortal Performances, a number of LP records with dubbings of vocal and instrumental recordings by famous artists of the past, under such titles as Caruso, The Golden Age at the Metropolitan, Chaliapin as Boris, Magic Strings, Genius at the Keyboard.

The performances on the Caruso record, dating from 1906 to 1920, document not only the change in his voice but the improvement in acoustic recording, so that the 1920 "La Juive" recording reproduces in extraordinarily lifelike manner the dark magnificence that I heard many times in those last years. As for the lighter color of the early years, none of the performances on this record exhibit it as breathtakingly as the one I have of *Spirito gentil* from "La Favorita," which ought to be included in the next series. One thing these performances make clear: we have heard other beautiful tenor voices, some used by infinitely better musicians (McCormack, Schipa, Bjoerling); but we have not heard a tenor voice anything like Caruso's.

The Golden Age has until now been the name of the period which ended, roughly, with Caruso's death; but the Victor LP record of that title includes performances by singers of the later twenties. I am all for establishing the fact that great singing didn't end with the Golden Age—that Ponselle, Rethberg, and Schipa could have held their own with Farrar and McCormack; but I don't see that this necessitates or justifies misplacing them in time and changing the accepted meaning of the term Golden Age. Misplaced on this record they occupy the space that might have been given to several of the greats of the Golden Age who are missing, including two of the greatest—Destinn and Hempel; and I would say these two had prior claim to the places given Bori and Journet (when I commented to someone at Victor a few years ago on the failure to include Hempel in the first three issues of the Heritage Series, he replied that the man in charge of that series didn't like Hempel; and the same ignoramus would seem to have his hand in the present series). Sembrich and Eames are also missing, and rightly since their recordings convey little or nothing of their greatness; but this reason should also have caused the omission of Calvé, which would have provided a place for Melba who is missing. However, with McCormack's famous *Il mio tesoro*, with Caruso, Farrar, Tetrazzini, the early Galli-Curci, Chaliapin, Ponselle, Rethberg, and Schipa, the record offers a profusion of delights to the ear.

Golden Duets also offers performances from the Golden Age and the twenties. The later ones give us Gigli and Ruffo in a "Giaconda" duet which provides the only example of Gigli's singing and a poor one; the justly famous Ponselle-Telva *Mira, o Norma*; and Ponselle and Martinelli in the final scene of "Aida," with some of Ponselle's finest singing. The earlier ones include Farrar and Caruso in pieces of the garden duet from "Faust," in which we hear not only the lovely voice Farrar had, but the musical taste she had that Caruso did not have. Caruso, reaching the climactic high note of *Laisse moi*, stops and opens up in power and splendor until his breath gives out, whereupon he breaks off, takes breath, and goes on. Farrar, reaching the same note, expands it for proper emphasis but connects it with the rest of the phrase.

The exquisite voice and art of Farrar once delighted me in a recording with Scotti of *Là ci darem la mano* which I would have preferred now to the Farrar-Scotti duet from "La Bohême" on Golden Age Ensembles. This record also gives us a 1919 recording of a trio from "Samson et Dalila" which reproduces not only the dark magnificence of Caruso's voice but the beauty of Homer's contralto as I recall it in that opera and that period; we can distinguish DeLuca in the 1917 "Lucia" Sextet and "Rigoletto" Quartet with Caruso and Galli-Curci; we hear a couple of phrases from Hempel in the quintet from "Un Ballo in Maschera" with Caruso (perhaps the next series will give us the quartet, which has one of his most superb performances). And on the other hand we get Ponselle and Pinza in a scene from "La Forza del Destino"; and the "Meistersinger" Quintet with Schumann, Melchior, and Schorr.

The Wagner record offers, for the most part, the two beautiful "Meistersinger" monologues sung by Schorr, and some of the inferior Wagner music impressively sung by Frida Leider, Rethberg (why not instead the Rethberg-Schorr "Meistersinger" duet?), and Lotte Lehmann, whose recorded singing of *Du bist der Lenz* will forever testify to the magic achieved by her unique voice and personal warmth. It also offers a 1915 Gadski recording of the embarrassingly silly *Ho-yo-to-ho* which misrepresents this singer, whose greatness is to be heard in her early recordings of Italian opera—*e. g.* of a "Trovatore" duet with Amato that I have.

On Composers' Favorite Interpretations are Tamagno's unimpressive 1904 recording of the final scene of "Otello," and for the rest impressive singing of lower-grade music, including Mary Garden's of the aria from "Louise," and Lehmann's of two excerpts from "Der Rosenkavalier" (the first defectively reproduced).

Golden Voices Sing Light Music provides our only hearing of Alma Gluck's lovely voice; Sacred Songs our only hearing of the voice and art of the great Margarete Matzenauer; otherwise they are things to skip.

Additional suggestions for the next series: Battistini, the 1911 Chaliapin, DeLuca, Schipa's "Barber of Seville" recording, Rethberg's *Ave Maria* from "Otello," Elisabeth Schumann's *L'amerò, sarò constante*, her performances of Schubert songs.

The instrumental records next time.

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN PILLEY is a member of the Department of Education at Wellesley College.

BARRINGTON MOORE, JR., a research associate at the Russian Research Center of Harvard University, is the author of "Soviet Politics: The Dilemma of Power."

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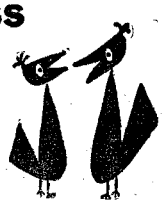

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Senators Kefauver . . .

Dear Sirs: I find myself in agreement with parts of Professor Wilson's article, The Pressure to Buy and Corrupt, which appeared in your July 21 issue, and in disagreement with others. I should like very much to see an analytical study, such as he discusses, which would utilize the findings of our committee, the Fulbright committee, the Truman committee, and the Douglas committee, exploring the social, economic, and political factors in crime causation.

We have recommended a Federal Crime Commission to follow through with the study.

However, I should think that there is ample material for fundamental research by one or more of the universities or foundations, and that they should pursue this research independent of Congress. Congress is, after all, a legislative body—and such a study of the nature of American society should go far beyond the scope of a legislative body.

This is one of my chief criticisms of Professor Wilson's article: he does not recognize the limitations of a legislative body in his advocacy of fundamental research.

Another criticism that I have is the light manner in which our findings are dismissed. Some observers of the work of our Senate Crime Committee—and I believe that it is not unfair to place Professor Wilson in this group—show a tendency to say that "many able newspapermen from Lincoln Steffens's day to this" have discovered crime and corruption; so, therefore, what's new?

I believe that this view lacks a discriminating understanding of American history and developments. Steffens, and before him Lord Bryce, found corruption and exposed it. Since their time—and, in large measure, because of them—there have been various developments which show the beneficial results of a periodic airing and cleansing by a democracy from within. For instance, since Lord Bryce found that the American city was the one conspicuous failure of American democracy, there have been improvements in the form of city government—the substitution of the unicameral legislature, the development of the commission method, then the strong-mayor and the manager form.

The experiences of citizens' groups in campaigning for these improvements in the form of government—and the later experiences of citizens' groups, such as the Kansas City Citizens' Association, the Cincinnati Charter Committee, and others in establishing and protecting non-political local government—would tend to contradict Dr. Wilson's tendency to dismiss the importance of exposure, per se, for the body politic.

I think it is usually true that some facts are known concerning any situation that needs legislative correction. However, the fact that certain information is known to some people and the assembly of that information in such a way that a legislative program can be based on it are two quite different things.

This was the situation as far as crime in the United States was concerned: some persons knew various things about crime and had known these things for some time. We developed some information that was not heretofore known and put it all together in a form on which a legislative program could be based. The fact that, while a general knowledge of conditions had existed for many years, no particular legislative program had been evolved to attempt to meet those conditions would indicate the need for such an investigation as ours to assemble the facts for a legislative program. We hope now to be successful with this program.

Washington ESTES KEFAUVER

. . . and Fulbright Reply to Wilson

Dear Sirs: Dr. Wilson's article, The Pressure to Buy and Corrupt, naturally appeals to me, since it is in accord with my thoughts about the necessity for a study of the moral aspects of our society. As you know, I introduced a resolution providing for the appointment of a commission of eminent private citizens to study these problems. I am very hopeful that Congress will authorize such a commission, as I believe it will be the vehicle for a sustained examination of these problems and may well cause our people to look critically at many of the practices which we have come to accept without sufficient consideration of their ultimate effect.

Washington J. W. FULBRIGHT

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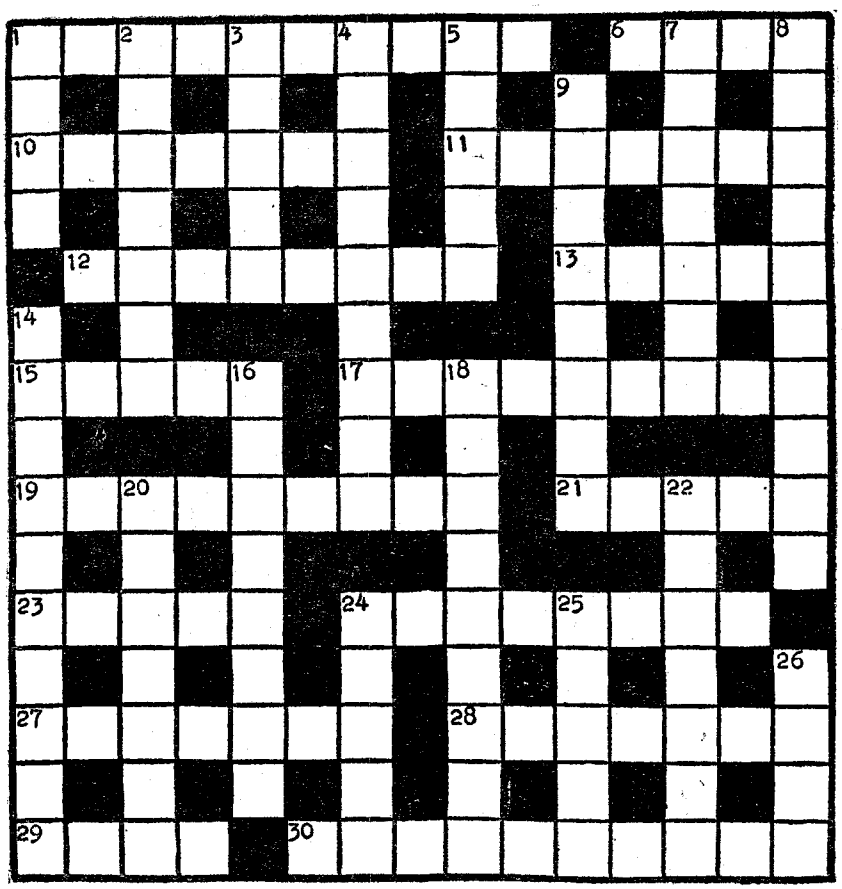
Crossword Puzzle No. 426

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Singular trousers? A thin mixture, but in character. (10)
6, 22 down and 13 across. That's what you get for buying cheap hosiery! (1, 3, 3, 4, 5)
10 Tender, perhaps from being on the range so long? (3, 4)
11 An essay. (7)
12 Just the girl to thrash grain! (8)
13 See 6.
15 Pertaining to a surface, it's certainly not a false clue. (5)
17 We are all, terrestrially speaking. (2, 3, 4)
19 Cannot see the tongue. (9)
21 Libel finally shows it. (5)
23 Lady bachelor whose bite is certain death?
24 A strange family in 18-27. (8)
27 See 18 down.
28 Large lady-bug? (7)
29 Bread-list? (4)
30 This bird must have voted like everybody else! (4, 6)

DOWN

1 The measure of a bad boy's father. (4)
2 Presently at this place, yet not any place at all. (7)
3 Different from what many have on top. (5)
4 Savoyards would recognize it alternatively as the Witches' Curse. (9)
5 Get away from the first lady, who's around all these years? (5)
7 Country where they have a craving for eggs? (7)
8 and 26. Odds imply the race should be won by the favorite, but ------ (3, 2, 1, 4, 4)
9 10 doesn't like to see such a charge made on the hoof. (8)
14 Krueger, Richard, or just Smetana's Kezul? (10)
16 They're pretty close to an ounce! (8)
18 and 27. Governed by the head of 16? (3, 6, 7)
20 So-called lion-man. (7)
22 See 6 across.
24 Rate of movement. (5)
25 Does the third letter spell danger? (5)
26 See 8 down.

• • • • •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 425

ACROSS:—1 EFFECTS; 5 DURABLE; 12 SHRUBS; 16 ATELIER; 17 SETS; 19 GOAD; 21 SMASHED; 22 UPON; 23 ZENO; 25 ACCENTS; 27 NAUTCH; 29 HOLD UP; 33 RISER; 34 and 5 down ICH DIEN; 35 THEIR; 36 EXTREME; 37 NEEDLES.

DOWN:—1 EPHESUS; 2 FLAIR; 3 CASABA; 4 SPAR; 6 ROBBER; 7 BRUNT; 8 ENDURED; 14 and 24 PLASTER OF PARIS; 15 BENEATH; 18, 9, 10, 15 across, 32 and 20 TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE; 22 UNNERVE; 25 ACCRUE; 26 SORTIE; 28 and 13 UPSET STOMACH; 30 DWELL; 31 and 11 HIDE-BOUND.

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